X-MEN

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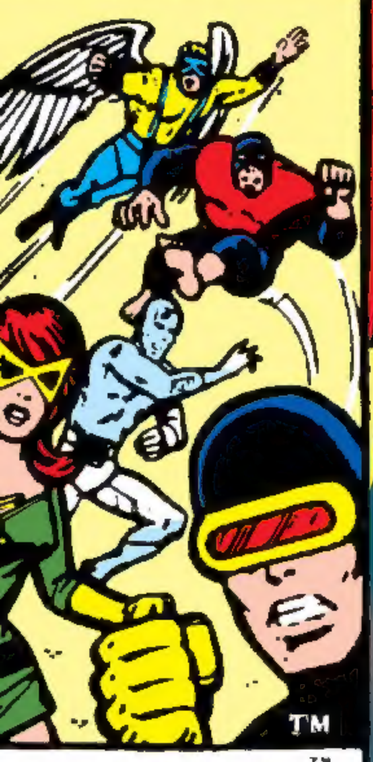

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MARVEL COMICS GROUP

X-MEN

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WHAT IS...THE POWER?!!

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X-MEN

THE MOST UNUSUAL FIGHTING TEAM OF ALL TIME!™

WHAT IS... THE POWER?

ARCHAEOLOGICAL *DIGGINGS* BELOW, CREW...

...AS IF YOU COULDN'T *TELL!*

AN *EXCAVATION*, TO BE MORE *PRECISE!*

GOOD!

MAYBE THERE'LL BE *SOMEONE* THERE TO WHOM WE CAN TURN OVER OUR STONY-FACED *CAPTIVE!*

FIVE-STAR FEATURE BY: • STAN LEE *EDITOR* • ROY THOMAS *SCRIPTER* • TOM PALMER *INKER* • HERB COOPER *LETTERER* • AND INTRODUCING THE *PENCILING WIZARDRY* OF: NEAL ADAMS

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YOU HAVE *EYES*, INFIDELS, BUT CANNOT *SEE!*

ONLY THE *DESERT WINDS* HOLD COURT IN THIS PLACE!

NOT A *CREATURE* IS STIRRING...NOT EVEN A *SPHINX!*

I'LL *HOLD* OUR PRISONER, WHILE--

--WE DO THE *FOOT-WORK!*

OR, IN MY CASE, THE *WING-WORK!*

MARVEL GIRL...SEE WHAT YOU CAN SCOUT UP BEHIND THOSE *DUNES!*

AND *ME*, CYCLOPS? WHAT ABOUT *ALEX SUMMERS*--

THE ALL-AMERICAN *SHOCK TREATMENT* ...THE WALKING *EARTHQUAKE*...

EASY, ALEX!

WE'LL *FIGURE OUT* THAT MUTANT POWER OF YOURS, AND--

...WHO CAN'T EVEN *SHAKE HANDS*, FOR FEAR HE'LL *KILL* SOMEBODY!?

POWER?

WHAT DO *ANY* OF YOU KNOW ABOUT *POWER?*

THE *LIVING PHARAOH* ALONE KNOWS THE TRUE *SECRET* OF THE ABILITIES YOU BOTH POSSESS...

JUST AS HE KNOWS THAT YOU ARE, IN TRUTH... *BROTHERS!**

BUT, *FEAR NOT*, YOUNG FOOLS...YOU SHALL *LEARN* THAT SECRET FROM MY LIPS...

IN THE HOUR THAT YOU *DIE!!*

THE AREA'S A *GHOST TOWN*, CYKE!

STILL, TO COP A CLICHÉ, IT'S *TOO QUI--*

*A LITTLE FACT HE PICKED UP *LAST ISH!* --STAN.

ANGEL--ALL OF YOU--

DUCK!

THE TOMB!

THEY WERE INSIDE THE TOMB--!

KKKZAK

THAT IS THE *END* OF THEM!

ONLY THE GREAT *PHARAOH* HIMSELF COULD SURVIVE OUR *CONCUSSION GUNS!*

FOOL! THE MUTANTS ARE BUT *STUNNED!*

LOOK! EVEN NOW, ONE OF THEM *RAISES HIS HEAD--!*

BRRRZZZZZ

--WHICH IS MORE THAN *YOU'LL* BE ABLE TO DO, FRIEND--

'CAUSE THIS IS THE PART WHERE I BRING DOWN THE *HOUSE* ON YOU!

KUNK!

I THINK *NOT,* INFIDEL!

VIOLENCE MAY WELL BE THE LAST REFUGE OF THE INCOM-PETENT, SON...

WHAA--?

BUT, IF CYCLOPS HAS SUSTAINED INJURIES...

EVEN THE MILD-MANNERED BEAST MAY BE FORCED INTO PHYSICAL RETALIATION!

UNNHH!

BE NOT DISMAYED, O PHARAOH!

WE ARE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO DEFEAT THAT BRUTE!

YOU DESERT SWINE!

DO NOT WASTE YOUR TIME BATTLING THE MASKED ONES!

ONLY ALEX SUMMERS CONCERNS THE LIVING PHARAOH!

THEN HE'S STILL AFTER ALEX...EVEN NOW!

BUT WHY? WHAT POSSIBLE CONNECTION CAN THERE B--?

GUUUUZUNG!

OBSERVE, SON OF OSIRIS!

A SINGLE BLAST FELLS THE BESTIAL ONE!

AARRRHH!

HURRY, DOGS!

LET NOT OUR *DEPARTURE* BE AS SLOW AS YOUR *RESCUE!..*

WE MUST *GO*-- BEFORE THE UNBELIEVERS *AWAKEN!*

IF *THAT'S*... WHAT YOU'RE HOPIN' FOR...

YOU JUST *BUSTED OUT!*

'CAUSE ALL *YOUR* POWERS WENT UP IN SMOKE WITH YOUR CRUMMY *SCEPTRE*--

AND HERE'S WHERE THE *ICEMAN* MAKES YOU HOLLER *ANKH*LE!

HAH! YOU THINK I AM YET *POWERLESS*, EH?

THEN, EXPLAIN *THIS* TO YOUR MUTANT FRIENDS, STRIPLING!

YEESH! HE *ZAPPED* MY ICY BATTERING-RAM...

LIKE SO MUCH *COTTON CANDY!*

IT'S NOT... *YOUR* FAULT... HE'S GETTING AWAY, BOBBY!

THIS WAS THE *ANGEL'S* PRIZE FOUL-UP!

SHOULD'VE *SPOTTED* THOSE JOKERS ...'STEAD OF PLAYING *GLORY-HOG!*

BUT, I'LL... *MAKE UP* FOR IT...!

LOOK, GREAT PHARAOH!

THE WINGED ONE FOLLOWS US, EVEN AS WE GAIN ALTITUDE!

UH OH! ONE OF THE GURU'S GOON-BOYS HAS SPOTTED ME!

AND, I'M STILL GROGGY AS A GASSED GOSLING!

WHICH MEANS, I'LL BE A SITTING DUCK IF THEY--

FIRE CONCUSSI-MISSILES!!

WHUMP!

WHUMP!

WHUMP!

WHILE, IN THE DEEPENING SHADOWS BELOW--

JEAN! JEAN!!

MY SON ...THE SUPER-HERO!

THEY KNOCKED ME RIGHT OUTTA THE SKY...AND THE BALL GAME!

SHE TOOK THE FULL BRUNT OF THE FIRST BLAST!

BE LUCKY... IF I CAN SAVE ...MY OWN FEATHERED FERN...!

IF SHE'S HURT, THEY'LL PAY--THEY'LL PAY--!

NO! SHE'S COMING TO--!

JEAN--SPEAK TO ME....!

FEEL... WEAK...

SO VERY WEAK...

SHE APPEARS TO BE BASICALLY INTACT, SCOTTY!

BUT WHERE IS OUR PINIONED COMPEER?

IF YOU MEAN ANGEL, HE WENT THATAWAY!

BUT THAT'S THE LAST I SAW... BEFORE I BLACKED OUT!

JEAN...I KNOW YOU'RE STILL STUNNED... CONFUSED...

YET, IF ONLY YOU COULD LOCATE WARREN MENTALLY--!

I...I'LL TRY, SCOTT....!

WHAT A GAL!

THERE'S NOBODY LIKE HER!

AND, THE RESERVE--THE SHEER, STARK UNDERSTATEMENT OF BOBBY DRAKE'S RANDOM THOUGHT IS DYNAMICALLY DEMONSTRATED A FLEETING INSTANT LATER...

AS JEAN GREY BEGINS A SERIES OF CEREBRAL EXERTIONS IMPOSSIBLE EVEN TO DESCRIBE ON THE PRINTED PAGE-- UNTIL, SUDDENLY--

I'VE ESTABLISHED CONTACT!

GOOD OL' JEANIE!

I ALMOST GOT CREAMED MYSELF BACK THERE!

I KNEW YOU'D LOCATE ME SOONER OR LATER!

BUT, I MANAGED TO PULL OUT OF A DIVE...

AND I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING OUR FELLAHIN FRIENDS NEAR GROUND LEVEL, SO THAT--

NO--IT CAN'T BE--!

BUT--IT IS!!

ANOTHER TEMPLE--IDENTICAL TO THE FIRST--YET MILES FROM THE OTHER SITE!

THE PHARAOH'S SHIP ZOOMED RIGHT THRU SOME KIND OF ENTRANCE--

--AND THE ANGEL DARED TO FOLLOW!

JEAN, GAL, I'VE GOT A HUNCH I'M GETTING NEAR THE NITTY-GRITTY OF THIS LITTLE MYSTERY!

I'M BREAKING CONTACT NOW... FOR FULL CONCENTRATION!

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

AND... SO AM I!

LISTEN, ANGEL...AND LISTEN WELL, AS SINISTER WORDS SWIRL LIKE HARSH WINDS THRU AGE-OLD CORRIDORS...

...YOU GAZE UP IN SULLEN SILENCE, ALEX SUMMERS!

IT IS GOOD!

AND, HOW FITTING THAT YOU SHOULD MEET YOUR RIGHTFUL END HERE--

AMIDST THE RE-DISCOVERED GLORY OF THE KINGS-WHO-WERE... AND THOSE WHO YET-SHALL-BE!

BUT, I SPEAK OF THINGS WHICH CONCERN YOU NOT!

FOR, I DECREED YOU SHOULD LEARN OF THE POWER --IN THE HOUR YOU PERISH!

AND, THAT MOMENT DRAWS EVER NEARER!

THE SAME MUTANT INSTINCT WHICH LED ME TO YOU--

--TELLS ME THAT IT IS COSMIC RAYS WHICH GIVE US EACH... THE POWER!

AS YOURS BEGAN TO AWAKEN ...MINE DID WANE!

YOU ARE THE SOLE THREAT TO MY SUPREMACY!

AND SO--

I WAS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST... BUT I AM ALSO-- A MUTANT!

YET, YOU AND I ARE BOTH DIF-FERENT FROM THE MASKED ONES...FOR, OUR DESTINIES ARE INEXTRICABLY LINKED!

CAN YOU NOT FEEL THEM, INFIDEL--

THE CELESTIAL CHAINS WHICH BIND OUR TWO FATES AS ONE?

YOU MUST DIE!!

IT IS DONE!
THE CHAMBER ABSORBS ALL COSMIC RAYS!

NO LONGER DO I SHARE THEIR POTENCY--

--WITH ONE WHO IS -- UNWORTHY!

NOW, I ALONE AM --
THE POWER!!

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

SOMETHING TELLS ME TH--
THE X-MEN!!

GET BACK, PLAYMATES -- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE --!

IT'S WARREN -- STREAKING OUT OF THE HOLY OF HOLIES!

BUT, WHAT KIND OF DANGER IS HE WARNING US AGAINST--?

AND THEN--*BURSTING THRU* EARTH AND MASSIVE STONE--AS THOUGH SHREDDING THE FABRIC OF *TIME* ITSELF--

GRABBED ME --BEFORE I COULD VEER AWAY!

CRUSHING ME-- LIKE A--HELPLESS *CANARY*--!

THE PHARAOH --HE'S BECOME A *GIANT!*

THOOM

GOOD LORD!

FLY *HIGHER*, MAN-- *HIGHER!!*

YES--I **WAS** INDEED--HE WHO WAS CALLED-- THE *PHARAOH!*

BUT NOW-- I AM MORE --MUCH *MORE!*

NOW I AM HE--WHO SHALL *RESTORE*-- THE GLORY THAT WAS!

NOW--AM I--THE *LIVING MONOLITH!*

NOW AM I--
AAARRHH!

FLAP THOSE WINGS, FLYBOY!

HIS SKIN IS LIKE ROCK NOW--OR MAYBE MORE LIKE A TANK'S ARMOR!

MY OPTIC BLAST SURPRISED HIM--NOT HURT HIM!

REJOICE--IN THE FUTILITY--OF A MOMENT'S RESPITE!

YOU SHALL KNOW--NO MORE!

GIVE THANKS --MASKED ONE --FOR, AS YOU ARE GROUND-- BENEATH MY HEEL OF STONE--

WHAT?

SOME INVISIBLE BARRIER --BARS MY WAY--!

YES--MY MENTAL POWERS!

BUT THE STRAIN --SO GREAT....!

HIS MUTANT POWERS--HAVE ALL RETURNED!

AND, I FELL-- DODGING THAT BURST!

YOU SHALL BE --THE FIRST VICTIM OF--THE LIVING MONOLITH!

UH OH! MY TENDER TOOTSIES WILL ACHE FOR A FORTNIGHT, BUT RIGHT ABOUT NOW--

JOLTIN' JEANIE DEFINITELY CLASSIFIES AS A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS, SO--!

YOUR INTENTIONS --ARE MORE LAUDABLE--THAN YOUR JUDG-MENT, FOOL--

FOR, YOU HAVE BROUGHT--THE GIRL--WITHIN MY GRASP!

MY POWERS COULDN'T SUPPORT-- HIS FALLING BULK!

NO-- NO!!

...THAT PHONY PHARAOH SPOUTED A LOT OF HOT AIR... ABOUT THIS CHAMBER CUTTING OFF COSMIC RAYS!

STILL DON'T KNOW JUST WHAT IN BLAZES HE MEANT...

BUT IT SURE PUTS A CRIMP IN THE OLD OXYGEN SUPPLY!

IN FACT, ANOTHER FEW BREATHS...

...AND IT MIGHT GET DOWNRIGHT UNPLEASANT IN THIS FISH-BOWL!

AND YET...

WHAT IF WE REALLY DO SHARE SOME KIND OF... POWER?

A POWER I SOAK UP...JUST BY STANDING AROUND?

SOMETHING SURE ZAPPED THE PHARAOH... A FEW HOURS AGO!

WHAT IF... SOME OF THAT SOMETHING... REMAINS?

IT CAME OUT BEFORE... IN A MOMENT OF STRESS...

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AND... I'M STARTING TO FEEL THAT WAY... AGAIN!

BUT, WHAT'LL HAPPEN...THIS TIME?

WHAT??

...FOOLS--TO PIT YOUR PUNY MIGHT --AGAINST THE SECRETS OF THE AGES!

AGAINST HIM WHO IS HEIR TO RAMESES--

WHO IS HIMSELF HORUS AND OSIRIS--

MY FAULT HE'S GOT JEAN!

GOT TO--

NO, HANK!

--WHO SHALL RESTORE THE DYNASTIES --WHO...

HIS VOICE... HIS GRIP...

BOTH ARE GETTING WEAKER!

LOOK!

BUT WHY... WHEN HE WAS ON THE VERGE OF VICTORY?

WHAT IS HAPPENING-- TO ME...?

GOT YOU, LADY!

BUT, THE MONOLITH --IS GETTING SMALLER!

AND BEHIND HIM--THE TEMPLE--

IT'S SHAKING-- STARTING TO CRUMBLE--!

THE PHARAOH BECAME NORMAL-SIZED...

AND COLLAPSED!

RRRR

THE ORIGINS OF THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

"THE FLYING A-BOMB!"

"PROFESSOR X TO CYCLOPS AND ICEMAN! ALTHOUGH YOU TRACED DOWN THE MUTANT NAMED WARREN WORTHINGTON ONLY TO ASK HIM TO JOIN THE X-MEN, NOW YOU MUST CAPTURE HIM AT ALL COSTS-- BECAUSE HE IS--"

YOU *HEARD* THE PROFESSOR, ICEMAN!

TAKE HIM!

US TAKE HIM?!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CHARACTERS' *GAME* IS...

AND I NEVER *HEARD* OF ANY GROUP CALLED THE *X-MEN*...

BUT YOU'RE GONNA LEARN THAT *NOBODY* TAKES THE *AVENGING ANGEL* WHERE HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO--

NOBODY!

THE HIGH-FLYING *ANGEL* WINS HIS WINGS IN THIS CATACLYSMIC CONCLUSION BY:

STAN LEE • *ROY THOMAS* • *WERNER ROTH* • *SAM GRAINGER*

EDITOR — WRITER — ARTIST — INKER

HOLD IT, SON!
WE'RE MUTANTS JUST LIKE YOU!
WE'RE FRIENDS... NOT ENEMIES...!
LIKE I SAID...THE AVENGING ANGEL IS STRICTLY A LONER!
AND NOW--
SCOTTY'S HOLDING BACK...TO AVOID HURTING THE GUY WITH HIS OPTIC BLASTS!
THAT LEAVES HIM WIDE OPEN FOR THE OLD ONE-TWO...
UNLESS--

YEEEOW!!
WHERE'D THAT WALL OF ICE COME FROM?
SAME PLACE YOU GOT YOUR WINGS, BIRD-BOY!
WHAT SAY YOU COOL IT NOW?

SO IT WAS YOU-- THE ONE WHO LOOKS LIKE A JUVENILE SNOWMAN!
WELL, I DON'T MIND GETTING MY FIST CHILLY FOR A SECOND--
IN ORDER TO POLISH YOU OFF!

NOW HE'S GONE TOO FAR-- MENACING BOBBY! STILL, PROFESSOR XAVIER SAYS TO HANDLE HIM WITH KID GLOVES, SO--
THE SKYLIGHT-- FALLING IN ON ME!
WHAT KIND OF JOKERS AM I UP AGAINST?
WE MIGHT ASK THE SAME OF YOU, FEATHERS!

AND, BELOW, A BEWILDERED COUPLE MIGHT ASK THE SELFSAME QUESTION OF ALL THREE, AS...
FRED!
WHAT ON EARTH--?
IT'S THAT KID YOU RENTED THE LOFT TO, ALMA!
MUST BE THROWIN' A PARTY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!
TEENAGERS!
THEY'RE ALL ALIKE!!

BOBBY--YOU'RE CLOSEST--GRAB THE VIAL IN HIS BELT!

DON'T KNOW WHY YOU *WANT* THAT VIAL, SIR -- BUT *WILL DO!*

AND *I* DON'T KNOW WHO IN BLAZES YOU'RE *TALKING* TO, KID--

BUT YOU DEFINITELY *WON'T* DO!

SWOK!

WHILE, SOME MILES AWAY, IN A SECLUDED WESTCHESTER COUNTY *MANSION*...

LOST *CONTACT* WITH BOBBY DRAKE!

AND IT MAY BE *IMPOSSIBLE* FOR *CYCLOPS* TO SUBDUE THAT YOUNG MUTANT--

THAT MEANS --HE'S *UNCONSCIOUS!*

WITHOUT ACCIDENTALLY *HARMING* HIM!

THEN--IT'S UP TO *ME!*

MUST GET THRU TO HIM--I *MUST!*

HEAR ME WINGED MUTANT.. AND HEED MY WORDS..!

HUH? WHAT KIND OF *TRICK--?*

NO TRICK, HOTHEAD!

LISTEN TO THE VOICE...!

YES, *LISTEN*, FOR THERE IS LITTLE *TIME!* WE ARE YOUR *FRIENDS*... FELLOW *MUTANTS*...!

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR *VOICE*--

THAT MAKES ME *BELIEVE* YOU!

BUT...WHY IS TIME... SO *SHORT*...?

*BECAUSE THE **VIAL** YOU RETRIEVED LAST NIGHT* FROM THIEVES CONTAINS A NEW, UNTRIED **NUCLEAR EXPLOSIVE**... ACTIVATED BY YOUR **MUTANT BODY!***

*I DISCOVERED THAT --WHILE MENTALLY **PROBING** YOUR PERSON!*

WH--? EVEN *WE* DIDN'T KNOW THAT!

IT *DOES* FEEL... *STRANGE!*

IF THERE'S EVEN A *CHANCE* THAT VOICE IS TELLING THE *TRUTH--*

*OR LAST *ISH* IF YOU PREFER! --STAN

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I'VE GOT TO GET *OUT* OF HERE--

--TAKE IT WHERE IT CAN'T *HARM* ANYBODY WHEN IT *BLOWS!*

GOOD LAD! IF YOU DARE, TAKE IT HIGH--HIGH INTO THE NIGHT SKY!

FOR, I CAN SENSE THAT ONLY FREEZING COLD CAN NOW DEACTIVATE --IN TIME!

GOOD GRAVY!

IF THAT WASN'T A *FLYING MAN* --I'M READY FOR *SENIOR CITIZENS CITY!*

MAKE ROOM FOR *ONE MORE* TOM--

I SAW IT TOO!

WHAT A HOT TEMPERED *FOOL* I WAS!

IF I HADN'T SLUGGED THAT *ICEMAN* GUY, *HE* COULD'VE HANDLED THE VIAL!

BUT, WHEN HE FELL-- HE TURNED BACK INTO A *NORMAL* JOE!

AND NOW --IT'S UP TO *ME!*

AND--I'M NO LONGER *MR. CONFIDENCE OF 1963!*

IT'S GETTING *COLD* UP HERE--SO *COLD!*

WHICH IS JUST WHAT I *WANT!*

IF I CAN *SURVIVE* IT!

O-OKAY, LITTLE-MAN-WHO-ISN'T-THERE!

I'M SO H-HIGH, EVEN MY TH-*THOUGHTS* ARE SH-SHIVERING!

WHAT DO I D-DO *NOW*?

SNAP OFF THE **TOP** OF THE CAPSULE, SON! IF I'M CORRECT--THAT WILL **DEACTIVATE** IT!

AND IF IT ***DOESN'T***--SCRATCH ONE ***ANGEL***, HUH?

WELL--HERE GOES ***NOTHIN'!***

IT ***WORKED!***

THEN, AS THE STARK ***TENSION*** OF THE MOMENT FADES...SO DOES THE YOUNG MUTANT'S ***CONSCIOUSNESS***

BLACKING --OUT--!

CAN'T STAY ***AWAKE!*** SO--***COLD*** !

YOU ***MUST*** STAY AWAKE, LAD--***NO MATTER WHAT!*** DON'T CLOSE YOUR EYES--FOR A ***MOMENT!***

TRYING--***NOT*** TO! I--

I ***DID IT!***

I SAVED A ***CITY*** I ENDANGERED!

AND THEN THE ***VOICE*** SAVED ***ME!***

NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ***GOING ON***--!

AND SOON, WHEN A RELATIVELY HUMBLE WARREN AT LAST ***FACES*** THE OWNER OF THE DISEMBODIED VOICE...

...IT WAS THE ***GAS*** YOU USED TO FIGHT CRIME THAT MUST HAVE HYPED UP YOUR ***EGO***, SON!

IF YOU AGREE TO JOIN THE ***X-MEN*** YOU'LL HAVE TO ***DISCARD*** SUCH GIMMICKERY!

STILL, I HOPE YOU ***WILL*** BECOME ONE OF US!

SINCE YOU CAN ***READ MINDS***, PROFESSOR XAVIER...

YOU ALREADY ***KNOW*** MY ANSWER!

WITH OR WITHOUT GAS, HE'S STILL GOT AN ***EGO!***

WHO CARES... AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T ***MOULT!***

THE ***END***